The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER X .- (Continued).

"Sardines," she said; "yes, I like those. And what are these little red fishes? And what an odd idea to have pancakes for breakfast. Omelet, do you say it's called? What a funny name! I'll try it, please. I'll have something of everything, and a large cup of tea, and plenty of milk, and four lumps of sugar. Isn't this jolly? Like that first evening at Lythinge, when I brought my tea in—do you remember? And wasn't the supper last night fine? I dreamed about it. I'm sure I should soon grow to be a lady if I always had such nice of hers. the supper last night fine? I dreamed about it. I'm sure I should soon grow to be a lady if I always had such nice things to eat. I don't much like your friend, though. He's sort of sarcastic, and seems to look right through me with those queer, bright eyes of his. He's very handsome, isn't he? So tall, and such nice long hair and mustache, and such lovely hands, like the heroes in the pictures outside the penny novelthe pictures outside the penny novelettes. But I like your face ever so much better, dear, dear Mr. Hervey, with your beautiful straight nose, though you haven't got a mustache, and your hair is cut short. Why are you laughing? Mr. Wray was always laughing at me, too. And he called me a little animal, which I thought very rude of him; don't

"Lilith," I said, "I am going out of town this afternoon, to see a lady who keeps finishing-school for young girls in her house in the country. I have seen her portrait, and if she is really as pleasant and kind as she looks, and everything about her is as satisfactory. I hope to place you in her charge very

Lilith put down her knife and fork. A look of most wobegone disappointment

crept over her face. "I thought you seemed to be getting used to having me with you," she said pathetically, while big tears began to gather in her eyes. "And now, after all, you want to get rid of me."

"It isn't that, dear, and you mustn't think it for a moment. But you want

think it for a moment. But you want to be educated: you said so yesterday." "Why can't I be educated here in London, and see you every day? If you put me away in the country, I shall only run back to you. I hate school, and I am really too old for it. I only want to learn anything at all just to please you; and if I'm to be miles away, and never see you, what's the good of it

I took both the hands of this most unreasonable child in mine and stroked them, while I tried to make her listen to reason. But she was only too ready to be consoled, and in a moment she had slipped off her chair, and was kneeling by my side, rubbing her cheek against my coat-sleeve, smiling, and almost purring with restored good humor.
"And you won't send me away from

you, will you?" she whispered, with her arm round my neck. "If I may only go to school in London, near you, and see you every day, I'll be as good as gold."

And at that identical moment, after so brief and hurried a knock that neither like the form the world, I shall go so brief and hurried a knock that neither of us heard it, Wrenshaw, in evident excitement, entered the studio, and looked with ill-concealed indignation at the loving group we made at the breakfast-

table.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, standing stiff as a ramrod just inside the door; "but I thought as you would like to know that Lady Margaret Lorimer's carriage is coming up the street, and in another minute I shall have to open the door and show her up into the

CHAPTER XI.

Lilith, who had remained on her knees by my side during Wrenshaw's speech, looked searchingly from him to

I could hear the door open down-stairs and a little later Madge's clear, well-modulated voice in colloquy with

"Nonsense, my dear child." I said.
"She will be your friend, just as I am

your friend."

For all that, I do not deny that in my gecret heart I considerably dreaded the coming interview between Madge and Lilith, and was much exercised in mind as to how my satirical cousin would take the young girl's outbursts of demonstrative affection toward me. Still, it was vastly better that they should meet openly; and I could only trust to Madge's good sense and fairness not to place a wrong construction upon Lilith's unconventional behavior.

Already I could hear footsteps on the stairs; Wrenshaw was showing Madge up, when suddenly Lilith threw my detaining hand off her shoulder.

"I don't want her friendship! I don't mant to know her! And she sha'n't put in airs with me!" she sobbed out, a red

In airs with me!" she sobbed out, a red In airs with me!" she sobbed out, a red pot showing on each cheek.

The next moment she had darted across the room, leaped over the sofa, and had completely concealed herself under the tapestry table-cover which hid the belongings of Nicholas Wray.

Barely had she done this, when the studio door opened, and Wrenshaw, with more than necessary sonority, announced:

"Lady Margaret Lorimer." I saw a look of intense surprise and relief pass over the good man's face when he found me alone. But these expressions had barely time to give place to a suspicious glance round the room when he was constrained to leave it, and Madge and I were to all appears and Madge and I were, to all appearal, in something cool, and soft, and flowing, of light tan-colored material, with any amount of delicate lace-edging and flouncing, and a great black lace hat, in which a cluster of red roses supplied the requisite note of color. Her soft cheek was thickly dusted with some sweet-smelling powder; I smelt it as I dutifully kissed her when she offered me her face.

"You may kiss my lips if you want to." she said, blushing prettily enough through all her powder. "I'm afraid I should kiss the lip salve

off, and spoil the general effect," I said,

Madge frowned, and taking a fragrant, lace-trimmed handkerchief from her pocket, she sedulously wiped from her lips the cherry-colored paste she habitually used, and offered them to me

"You are not very—very ardent, are you?" she said. "Do you realize that, gou?" she said. "Do you realize that, after telling me you were going to return on Monday, you never came back until last Wednesday, and that meanwhile you never wrote, and no one had the least idea where you were?"

"It was not my fault, Madge. On the very night of my arrival, a man, a total stranger to me, came to a most sudden death in my presence, and I had to

den death in my presence, and I had to stay and give evidence at the inquest."
"Still, you could have written?"
"I was expecting every day to return.
And I was scouring the country, learning its features for future sketching

"Did you do much work?" "Hardly any. Just an outline here and there. Here is one which I think

may interest you. It was clearly out of the question to try to hurry her off. She had seated herself in the deep armchair in which we had sketched Lilith, looking, in her dainty draperies, fashionable, high-heeled shoes, and elaborately curled and waved coiffure, like an attractive fashion-plate endowed with life, and of-

I took my sketch-book over to her, and showed her a rough drawing on one

under the projecting eaves of an enormous red-tiled, lichen-grown roof, smothered here and there with ivy, from which great red-brick chimney-stacks of irregular shapes and sizes protrude at I smiled to myself as I recalled the intervals. A little fruit and flower- child's absurd jealousy of Madge, and garden and many outhouses are enclosed by fragments of a colossal wall, which was one part of a Roman castrum, and the whole is placed on a wild bit of moorland, overrun with sheep, half-way down a grassy slope the base half-way down a grassy slope, the base of which was once washed by the sea. and live there.'

Little did I think as I talked thus. more to enchain her passing attention than with any special intent how pro-phetic and of what deep import my and he was writing out his will. He

Lilith, who had remained on her knees by my side during Wrenshaw's speech, looked searchingly from him to me at the close of it, and then sprang to her feet.

"Who is Lady Margaret Lorimer?" she asked me.

Before I could answer, Lady Margaret's carriage drew up before the door, and her footnam's cried clilith." Why down't you answer the door? Is there any reason why this lady shouldn't come upstairs?"

"Show Lady Margaret up at once." I said, turning to Wrenshaw in a peremptory manner; and the man, which seemed Something in the nature of a warning. Fertile room, alwenting in the nature of a warning. Fertile restricted in the middle of the room, alwenting in the mature of a warning. Fertile seemer in the middle of the room, alwenting in the mature of a warning."

"Jilith," I said, "Harded like to me about well lately, and he wants to hurry it forward, so he was all in the middle of the room, alwenting in the mature of a warning. Fertile seemed seemed serious. "Lilith," I said, "this lady is my dearest that have left you room to make so me things in the mature of a warning. Fertile seemed seemed serious. "Lilith," I said, "this lady is my dearest that the profit of the room, and the man, which seemed serious. "Lilith," I said, "this lady is my deare."

"A shiver ran down the young girl's frame.

"I don't want to know her" she whisspered almost fleredly." "It's great ladies such as her as would take you have shown as wife of one of the great the most of your being known as wife to work think, and her would be wonly the said in the most of your being known as wife to work the would say to his wife. "You can tell with they would say to his wife. They can they work they would say to his wife. Carchester had a long talk with me yes terday. I told him how unhappy tit made mont to know here you were, and he don't duit think, you know he is very you were, and he dolf the well her you know the you want to know here you were. You were the door of the warnist to four of the warnist to four affaired to he wants to hurry it f subject from more converging points of

waiting for her, as they were going for a morning's shopping together, and hur-ried out of the room, down the stairs, and into her carriage waiting for her

When I returned to the studio, Lilith Saxon, pale, red-eyed, and strangely subdued in manner, faced me.
"I heard everything that lady said,"
she exclaimed; "and you can put me in

that school you told me of at once, or anywhere you like, for I never want to see you any more,"

CHAPTER XII.

It was in September, more than a year after Lilith's installation as one of the Morland House pupils, that I made my second visit to Clifton Downs.

During all that period I had not once seen her, although from time to time I had received dutiful little letters, excellently spelled and worded, reporting her progress in the various arts and accomplishments she was studying under Mrs. Morland's care. On her sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays I had sent her little inexpensive trinkets, which she had duly acknowledged, but from the conventional tone of her prim little letters I felt certain that they were supervised by Mrs. Morland, and in not one of them was there mingled with her frequently expressed gratitude the least wish to see me again.

Absurd as it may appear, this omission, which should have relieved my mind, distressed me greatly. The child's spontaneous affection had delighted me, and it had gone to my heart to repress it. During all that year of absence I prever once forgot her lovely face her

it. During all that year of absence I never once forgot her lovely face, her bright laughter, and her frank, confiding chatter. Time blurred all remembrance of her trifling slips in grammar, and other solecisms, and her image remained in my mind as my ideal of innocence, sweetness, and beauty, of youth and gaiety and love made manifest in wo-

Meantime, incessant work, and work of a moist enchanting kind, had occupied every sunlit hour of my days. My cousin Madge, who seemed as jealously eager to secure a brilliant reputation for me as I myself could be, had presented me with a beautiful little yacht, far larger than the boat in which I had

been wont to haunt the southern coasts, but by no means of ostentatious pretensions. The sole purpose of this gift was that I should realize what had long been my day-dream—a protracted painting cruise in the Mediterranean. In duty bound, I christened my new boat the Lady Margaret, although another and more fanciful name, the Marsh Fairy, would have been far sweeter to me.

My uncle, Lord Carchester, and Madge spent several days with me on board

PLANTS TRAVEL STRANGELY.

Botanists Are Able to Advance a Theory to Account For It.

It is often hard to account for the way in which plants spread from one country to another, and yet no spent several days with me on board.

spent several days with me on board the yacht. But that was during the Cowes season, of course, when Madge's different toilets were reported in all the papers, and the decks were forever overrun by bands of her vapid admirers.
Peace never came until the shades of evening fell and Madge had departed on shore for some festivity under my uncle's care, for I resolutely declined being dragged off to evening entertainments in such hot weather. Then, in the lovely moonlit quiet of the harbor, lying on deck, smoking, with my face turned up to the stars, I would let my thoughts wander off to a yellow-haired child who had once loved me in a whole-bearted, and unquestioning way, and the country had mysteriously sprung up. In the summer of 1872 noted botanists went carefully to hearted and unquestioning way, and whose last stiff little letter I would take from my pocketbook to read by the light of the moon.

"Dear Mr. Hervey: Thank you very much for your letter, and for the pretty birthday present. It is most kind of you to remember me. I have got on very well indeed with my French. I like the language, and can speak and read it easily. It is also most pleasant to play whatever music takes my fancy. The weather here has been very sultry: we are quite looking forward to a thun-der storm. I am sorry I cannot send you the photograph of me you ask for. a good I have not been taken since I was a very little girl. I should find difficulty in keeping still, and Mrs. Morland is of place. really well. Hoping that you are in good health, always sincerely yours. "Lilith Saxon."

This neat little letter, written in a hand which was almost copper-plate in its regularity, was not much for a man who was fool enough to cherish for a whole twelve-month a romantic fancy for a child he had known for barely -a week. And yet I dreamed of my marsh fairy, and read and reread her silly little letters, and tried in vain to discover some faint reminder of the personality which had so charmed me.

In this last one, the only touch of the Lilith I used to know came in the words: fering the most absolute contrast possible to what I remembered of the picturesque little marsh fairy curled up there asleep last night.

ed so very much, after all.

"Surely," I said to myself on that summer night, as I lay on deck staring at the stars; "surely now, after a whole year of discreet absence, spent wander-"It's the most picturesque pitch you can imagine," I said, anxious to divert her talk from personal topics. "Locally, it is called the 'French House,' and, of course, locally no one can explain the name. The style of the building is early sixteenth century, half-timbered, with lattice-windows and little leaded panes under the projecting eaves of an enorm-

Paddy's Will.

One day an Irishman lay dying; the doctor and priest were with him. He had a wife and family, only had a hundred pounds. The words would prove.
"Do you so hate the world, then, Adrian dear?" she asked me softly, looking not at the sketch, but at my face.
"This fashionable world in London, to which you are tied? Frankly, yes; I detect it."

only had a hundred pounds. The doctor said—"In the first place you owe me fifty pounds for attending you." "You can have fifty," said Pat. The priest then asked for "I want to talk to you about that," she said quickly. "I have often thought it a pity that our tastes should differ so in that respect, and I have hoped that in time we might look at the hoped that in time we might look at the hoped that in time we might look at the hoped that in time we might look at the hoped that in time we might look at the hoped that in time we might look at the highest fifty." Then they asked him what they would say to his wife. "You

PLANTS TRAVEL STRANGELY.

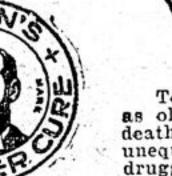
such emigration has taken place, but the botanists have been able to advance some theory to account for

In the early seventies of the last century the scientists in France work to find the cause of this strange immigration, and they succeeded admirably. They found no fewer than two hundred plants natural to Germany and the countries of the south; these plants were the territory occupied by the Ger- last year." mans in the siege of Paris. This is a good example of the strange way asking how to treat sick bees." in which plants travel from place to Editor-"Tell him he'd better treat



Cynthia-"How do you like my mostly of the grass, pea, and bean new hat?" Margie-"I think it is families, and were found only in charming. I had one just like it

"Here's a farmer writes to us them with respect."



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